Britain's Happiness.

A Musical Interlude.

Perform'd at both the

THEATRES.

Being part of the Entertainment Subscrib'd for by the Nobility.

Written by Mr *Motteux*.

O Fortunati nimium, bona si sua norint! Virgil.

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TO THE READER.

THis Interlude was long since design'd only for an Introduction to an Opera, which, if ever finish'd, may be call'd, The Loves of Europe, *every Act shewing the manner of a different Nation, in their Addresses to the Fair Sex. But some Persons of Quality who did not know that Mr* Leveridge, *had set this Part of it to Musick, having engag'd Mr* Weldon *to put Notes to it; I am oblig'd to let it appear without the rest: There is room indeed in this for Great Musick, but much more for Humour, and every Passion in those that were to follow. I could wish they might have*

have appeared all togeth'r, but 'tis the desire of those Persons, to whom I must submit, that this should be performid in the mean time. They will at least have the satisfaction of Hearing fine Music, and observing how the same Words may be admirably set it a different manner, when two Masters exert their Genius, to please and to excel.

This kind of Writing is, as it were, but the Cloath, which the Composer must Embroyder; for the Poet must confine his Fancy to such Words and Measures, as may give the Musician occasion to display his own; a Task that will scarcely get the VVriter any Reputation answerable to the Trouble, except among the few that are sensible of the difficulty. So I am chiefly proud of this Opportunity, as it may show my Respect for those noble Encouragers of the Muses, to whom 'tis humbly submitted, and as it gives a fresh instance of my Zeal for the best Queen and Government in the VVorld.

Britain's Happineſs.

A Muſical Interlude.

SCENE. A Proſpect of *Dover-Caſtle* and the Sea.

Several People of different Degrees, Saylors, Country Folks and others, are diſcovered drinking, dancing and making merry on the Shore.

A Man Sings.

HAppy *Britains*, ſeated here,
All the Sweets of Life you ſhare.
Here ſecure you view and ſlight
Storms that all around affright.
Land and Seas that ſwell your Store,
Raiſe your Spirits with your Pow'r.
Your old Honours bloom again,
And Freedom makes ye more than Men.

The Chorus repeat

Happy *Britains*, &c. *A Dance of Saylors.*

Two Officers Sing with Glaſſes in their hands.

FRee-born Sons of *Britain*, who fearleſs at home
Diſdain the vile yoak of falſe *France* & of *Rome*,
Rouſe now to ſecure all the Bleſſings you claim,
Your Laws, and your Altars, Lands, Traffic & Fame.
A Queen truly *Britiſh*, wiſe, pious aud brave,
Incites ye, your Rights, and all *Europe* to ſave.
Then joyn for its Safety, till Dangers are ceaſt,
And You, who don't fight for't, here, drink to't at (leaſt.

Second Movement.

The Welfare of All on bleſt *ANNA* depends,
Then honor her moſt who the World moſt befriends.
Long lov'd, like *Eliza*, this Iſle may ſhe bleſs!
Like her be ſhe ſerv'd, and alike her Succeſs!
Eliza quell'd *Spain*, and in *France*'s full growth,
Great *Anna* ſhall quell, and ſhall humble 'em both.
Then ſtrive all ye Nations her Friendſhip to gain:
She can awe the whole World who is Queen of (the Main.

Third Movement.

With Freedom, Eaſe and Plenty crown'd,
We're th' Envy of the World around.
Our all we'll offer to maintain
Thoſe Bleſſings of bright *Anna*'s Reign.

Let

Let ev'n the Names of Parties ceaſe:
Tho War 's abroad, at home 'tis Peace.
No ſtriſe remain, but ſuch as Lovers boaſt,
Who loves and who ſhall ſerve their Royal Miſtreſs (moſt.

A Dance of Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes.

A Symphony is perform'd, during which Neptune *ariſes out of the Sea.*

WHy muſt angry *Neptune* riſe
From his awful Court below?
A Mortal here my Pow'r outvies;
My upper-Realms no other Sov'raign know.
Her Fleets controul the Watry Plains.
'Tis *Anna* now, not *Neptune* reigns.
Lo! with a thouſand mighty Prows
My Liquid Fields her Navy Ploughs,
And, fearleſs of my Frown, (down.
The floating Cities ſpread, and tow'r, and preſs me
Th' affrighted World beholds with Pain
Thoſe Gyants of the Main.
Their Fire more fatal than my Waves,
My Element outbraves.
And Nations whom her Fleet alarms,
Dread more her Anger than my Storms.

Wake, my Rage! The Wrongs I've born
Revenge muſt now remove.

Noble

Noble Souls a Rival ſcorn,
In Empire as in Love.
Wake, my Rage! The Wrongs I've born
Revenge muſt now remove.
'Tis ſweet to vex thoſe who diſdain,
And make our Pleaſure of their Pain.

Waves ariſe,
Swell and rave, and mate the Skies.
At my Call
Confound the Ball.
Revolving Ocean, know thy Lord,
And, Nature, tremble at my Word.

A Rough Symphony, during which the Thunder is heard.

Chorus.

Nature trembles: Men deſpair.
Mortals learn the Gods to fear.
Billows rowling,
Tempeſts howling,
Thunder growling,
Nature trembles, Men deſpair.
Mortals learn the Gods to fear.
All in Motion,
Skies and Ocean,
Jarring,
Warring,

Blend-

Blending,
Rending,
In their Anger all they tear,
Fire and Water, Earth and Air.

A ſoft Symphony ſucceeds.

Pallas *deſcends.*

CAlm thy Mind, thy Rage appeaſing,
Let the ſudden Tempeſt ceaſe:
Can a Stormy Frown be pleaſing,
Like the gentle Smiles of Peace.
If a Tribute's paid to Beauty
By the Rulers of Mankind,
Joyn'd with Wiſdom, Pow'r and Duty,
What Reſiſtance can it find.
Calm, oh Calm, oh Calm thy Mind.
Nept. Ceaſe to ply me.
Pal. Ceaſe to fly me.
Nept. 'Tis in vain.
Pal. 'Tis in vain.
Paſſion's vain---Let Reaſon reign.
Reaſon's vain--Let Paſſion reign.
Pal. Reaſon's Reign makes Paſſion vain.
Nept. Reaſon's vain where Paſſions reign.
Pal. Oh believe me.
Nept. Leave me, leave me.
Both. 'Tis in vain, 'tis all in vain.

Every Line of this Dialogue is to be ſung by either Party, one anſwering the other and then once again, both ſinging together.

Pallas. Here by Mortal Eyes unſeen
Reſt thy Trident on this Iſle.
Various Scenes ſhall reconcile
Neptune to the Ocean's Queen.
Here by Mortal Eyes unſeen,
Reſt thy Trident on this Iſle.

See ev'ry Nation,
Every Station,
Own the Empire of the Fair;
Thus in common,
Love and Woman
Reign as Sov'raigns every where.

A Dance of ſeveral Nations.

Enter ſeveral Saylors and Clowns, each leading his Laſs, they ſing and dance. The Chorus repeating.

1.

COme, Neighbours, come now
From Dairy and Plough,
Let's merrily dance on the Common,
The Saylor and Swain
Shall joyn on the Plain,
And every Man have his Woman.

2.

While Laſſes we hold
We fear not the Cold,

To

To warm us we jigg it together ;
Then with a *Jug*, in a Rug,
We hug, and lye ſnug,
And a Fig for the Wind and the Weather.

3.

While foreign Clowns fear
Wolves, Tyrants, and War,
We're ſafe with our Flocks and our Laſſes:
We're all in good Plight
For the Day and the Night,
And let Them be rid that are Aſſes.

4.

Juſt coming from Sea,
Our Spouſes and we,
We punch it aboard with Courageo ;
We ſing, laugh and cling,
And in Hammocks we ſwing,
And huzzah! my Brave Boys, bon Voyageo.

CHORUS.

SEe, ſee, ſee, every Nation,
Every Station,
Own their Empire of the Fair.
Thus in common
Love and Woman
Reign as Sov'raigns ev'ry where.

Happy

Pallas *to the* Britains.

Happy Mortals, while poſſeſſing,
Bleſs the Pow'r that grants the Bleſſing:
Wiſely learn your Joys to prize.
Wretched Slaves may wiſh for ranging;
But, where all is loſt by changing,
To be true is to be wiſe.

This is not yet ſet to Muſick.

To Neptune. Oh no more the Fair diſdain,
Nature owns a Female Reign;
All the Virtues, all the Graces,
Muſes, Arts, and lovelieſt Faces,
Ever claim
A Female Name.
Pal. Oh, no more, *&c.*
Nept. I'll no more, *&c.*
Both. In vain Homage is refus'd,
Where the Pow'r to bleſs is us'd.
Who'll oppoſe the gentle ſway,
When they're happy who obey?
Let's no more the Fair diſdain,
Nature owns a Female Reign.

This Stanza may be repeated by the Grand Chorus.

FINIS.

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